

13th Meaning

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13th Meaning

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1310 Meaning

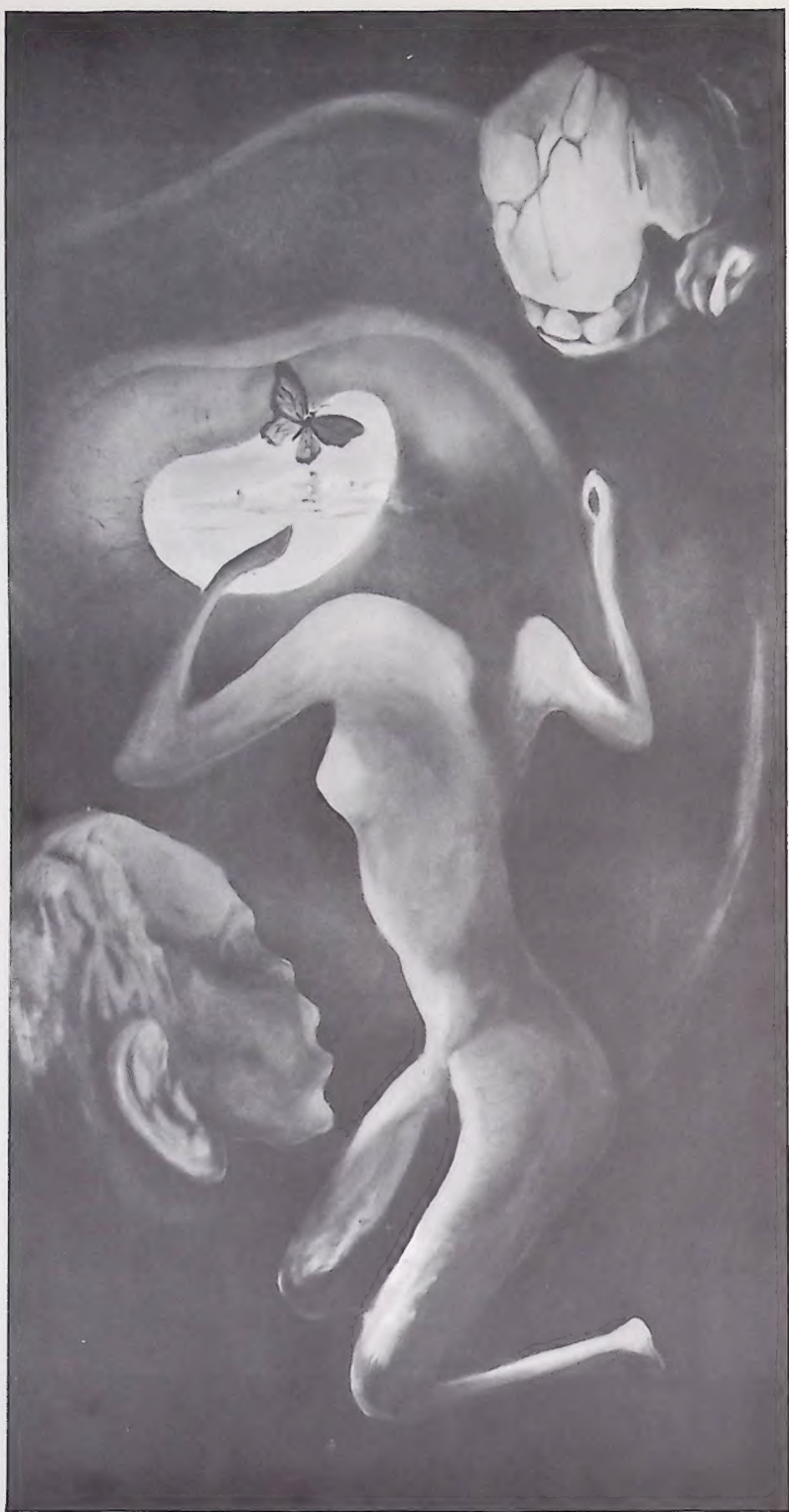
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Cover by Frank Lenti



"Sweet Afterwards"

"...there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards
she is sitting beside young death, is slender;
likes flowers." *

Sweet Afterwards
to get to you
the gasping womb
I must drop through
and when I'm on
the other side
I must take Chaos
for my bride.

Through shadeless lands
my foot must fall
where thirst is great
and quenched with gall,
where seed is salt
and wounds are deep,
where people moan
but cannot weep,
where prisons swim
in half-shut eyes
and words half-whispered
end in sighs.

Sweet Afterwards
to be with you
Death's misty womb
I must fall through
and run the risk
of finding there
a nothingness. . .
eternal . . .bare.

**"suppose"

By E. E. Cummings

Paul Callahan

Do You Remember?

I thought and thought for hours
And decided to send flowers,
A gay group of red and white
To commemorate the night.
I asked you to marry me.
Can you remember back
When your hair was darkest black,
And your eyes were bright and clear
And you were able to hear
Easily?
It must have been quite long ago
The tree in the yard had just started to grow.
The boys on the block threw their ball away,
They've all grown up and married away
To the city.
I can remember when people danced slow
And when there was Church service everyone would go.
Seemed people would smile then all of the time
And the poor were those who really could use a dime
For coffee.
Remember the day we got caught in the rain
And you said we'd never go out again?
At first you were mad and then you cried
And it wasn't very funny to be caught outside
Dressed-up.
We went out the next week to a movie in town
And somehow I knew all along you'd break down.
There, I knew you'd admit it
Was it the flowers that did it
Or the candy?
Of course I remember the picnic in fall
And the days on the ocean, I remember them all.
But I think best of all of the times I remember
Was the very cold Saturday in late December
When we got married.

Peter Racicot

concert

brown thighs
throbbing
slapping together
hips and breasts
and bellies shakin'
wildly girating
mystical sexual explosion
to the beat of magic that created Life
 Tina soul-wailing
sexual-sounds into the microphone
 black thighs coming together
that created Life
 black sounds as round and replenishing as
 life itself and love comes back to life
and the music screams
 to the sexual beat
it moans it whines it begs for more
 and more and more
now life has come to love
 and love is in our bodies
now love does not hide
and life shows itself in the
bodies dancing wildly
so long enslaved from
 the mystical wounds of Africa
gold-maned fiend
 are you the love-goddess
 come back for us
to perform the sacred ritual once again?
 not to be forgotten
 else man should die
we say that life is sacred

and we say that our bodies are profane
now as the lights girate from blue
to flickering green now yellow flesh
now pink flesh now white now blue
life comes to the body and the body is life
now sacred is profane
when the sounds of sexual ecstasy
are hammered out by the big amplifiers
they fill up the hall
and echo through our heads
and Tina screams and shouts with
new-found life never-grown old
and the womb bares itself unashamed
the magical womb that choked forth
the world
and thighs come together in the
mystical-sexual dark moist drum-beat
guitars wail, and legs open to
show a peep of white panties
in the night the thighs open outspread
music is created in the happy-
driving-piercing-sobbing moan
the exhaustion that brings bliss
in the night the cold rain slams
down against our faces like the
hammers of God
we say its all the same and are relieved
and love comes to life and life comes
to the body
beautiful and naked
like the day of God itself

Diane O'Flynn

To Patricia

As the sun still rises in the east
so hope sets in the west
though the warm winds waft the clouds aloft
no sails across the horizon
and through the dimly lit dusk and smoke
a smiling croupier works
god sleeps and the world plays
prophets rage and the seers weep
mankind wines and wench his way
to nowhere
As beneath the turbulent seas
lies an inner peace
so with you grows a stronger love
that blooms in the silent spring
and we together may find such happiness
that the birds chirp and sing
while scavengers flee to a foreign land
and love is ours

Richard Rogers

Calm

*Stillness
Bleak and cold
Darkness broken by a reckless color crayon
Life silhouetted against a charcoal sky
Dark blue water - frozen in June
Captured by a black veil
Held motionless by an artist's pencil
Peacefulness
No frenzy, No turmoil, No confusion
Nature sleeps eternally.*

Cathy Johnson '72

ALONE — ALMOST

Captivated by a spectrum of flashing lights
Intrigued with the infinite pounding of drums
And yet, alone . . . almost.

Intoxicated with the scent of grass
Enchanted by this strange aurora of people
But still alone . . . almost.

Belonging, and yet not really
Morals and values turned topsy-turvy
Alone . . . almost . . .

Lived and experienced life
Sought and found
Found - a meaning to life
No longer alone - almost . . .
Belonging, captivated, intrigued by you - ALONE.

Cathy Johnson '72

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Send me to die,
Tell me of truths,
And of causes,
And I will go.

Take me from home;
Take me from all,
Even my love,
And I will go.

I will go die,
Die for your truths,
For you money,
Meekly to die.

Send me to wars,
Rip out my heart,
Spill all my blood,
And I will die.

Show me a flag,
And an eagle,
And an error,
And I will die.

I will go die.
Onto your soul
I pour my blood,
The guilt on you.

I will go now,
But my brothers
Will wait behind
And will not die.

They forget not
Wasting my life
The way you did.
They remember.

Alfred LaFleche

GONE

Gone, gone, gone,
Like a castle of sand
Built on crumbling land.
Gone like the wind
Sweeping fast 'cross the plain
Stopping for a moment
Then going again.
Gone like the child
Who once lived next door
Who's now grown and married
And's not there any more.
Gone like a thought
That stops only to say
"You'll never think of me"
And then goes away.
Gone like a kiss
That one side won't miss
For they've had it before
And of more they are sure.

Peter Racicot

Memories,
All ragged
And ghostlike,
Coming home,
Are sending
Me to live
Evermore
In lands of
Evermore.

Alfred LaFleche

Memories II

blue eyes
just like
shattered glass
angel-sun
gleaming
crazy eyes
wide white
smile
hair growing
down your face
"WHY?"

JULY 19, 1970
(In memory of M.S.)

written
across a page
and she understands
So sad
and so sensitive
"I only feel good when I'm
high
but then I have to come
down again"
So down down down
down
And the cold-throbbing-
sweat-burning pain
the shaking spasmotic pain
the friends that had to
fail
and the drugs
So much pain
So much pain
I won't ever understand
never never
understand
what made him draw the Blood
so young
young
To be dead at 21
DEAD

he picked me two bright flowers
right beside the children's
paintings
& smile always
with your amazing eyes
soft soft shattered
blue eyes
crazing gleaming
just like his eyes
passing a joint in the snowy night
outside the auditorium
& smile always
& helped me out

sitting beside me
 so fucked up
 his mind
 so fucked up
 he knew it too
 trying to believe it could all
 be music & emotions
 getting busted in
 Logan Airport for
 \$20,000 worth of dope
 unable to remember
 in your mind
 out of school
 no 5th grade philosophy
 and nature-study teacher
 and the parents that
 had to fail
 & the friends
 the friend that had
 to fail
 and the parents that
 pricked pins into that
 twisted mind
 & were ashamed
 How fucked-up
 How fucked-up
 Did they make you
 to frustrate-invert
 your mind that way?
 I'll never understand
 NEVER
 And the "WHY?" that is
 written across my brain
 because I remember
 & I always remember
 always
 always
 Your soft sad voice
 Those soft gleaming
 crazy eyes
 that gave away
 your sweetness
 I'll never forget
 never
 never
 And the pain that
 must have
 weighed down your mind

the pain
pain
throbbing
sickled-
stabbing
pain
to draw the razor
across
your throat
and the blood
the blood that had
to flow
and the friend that had
to fail
and the dope that had
to fail
So young
So young
To be dead at 21
DEAD

2

But I know you never really died
I saw you sitting upon your gravestone
And I knew you never really died at all
you just went away for a while
And I'll see you again
& All I'll have to look for
is your eyes
as I've always done
& then you'll smile
And I'll know it's you
again
come back
perhaps in a flower or
in a cloud blotting out the moon
or in a fig
or a pig
or the hollow cries of
a starving mangy cat
scavenging behind the factories
and I'll know you by
your smile
And your eyes will tell
me what you are
All along I knew you never really
went away

I knew it all along
You never really left at all
Of course you didn't
How could you?

How could you
on such a
beautiful warm Sunday afternoon
When I went to a picnic?

Diane O'Flynn



Love

Love,
Gently flowing
From the giver
To the receiver,
Is like a flower.
First a bud,
Then a hesitant growing,
Finally bursting into full bloom.

Love,
Can also be stormy.
Full of fire
And passion.
Hitting,
Consuming,
Breaking down all barriers.
Compelling,
Conquering.
This, too, is love.

True Love
Strong and powerful,
Be it gentle or wild
Survives all obstacles,
And lives
Forever.

Betty Berry

Your soft blue eyes
Reach to me, touching
Gently at my heart. I,
Reaching back fail to
Come too close, fearing
To cause pain in one who
Loves you, Can't touch back.
Wanting your love—
Needing your love—
Losing your love—
I stand now alone,
Watching you leave.
Never will I say I was
Noble, only ask myself
If I've done right.

For Barbara

Alfred LaFleche

“Birth”

I was born in the dark, grey caves of the night
Ignorant with five weapons.
Black mud oozed from the wells of sorrow
Splattered on the walls, the hard, rocky floor, and the stone-sealed
roof.

Then the waters came:

Waters shimmering, glimmering, dancing, laughing, rippling, flowing,
singing, glowing, reaching me, teaching me, showing me; unknowing
me.

Fine I was in this dark valley for the mud had ceased to come
And the rain had purified it opening channels for the sun.

Kate Plaud

*dark luxuriant hair
through which my fingers gently run
her face theanthropic softly expressive
is close to mine
hands clasp about my waist
smiling eyes wish tender wishes
her body rests gracefully
against mine
our lips touch*

*love vibrates pulsatingly through my torso
a feeling of beauty overwhelms all
inexpressible love
the presumptuous old world
can be discarded
life becomes dimensional a thrill a passion
the invincible is easily ours
chasms and mountains cease to be
there is only you and i*

richard rogers

Patricia

We stuck together like
pink bubble gum
Sticks to the bottom
of a shoe.

For as we ran through
life
I felt his sidewalk strength
pulling us together.

And though today the stretch
has all but died
I see his love still clinging
to my sole.

Pat Kazarnowicz

LINDA'S MORNING

Linda made the transition from fully asleep to fully awake slowly. First, the one hand, red tipped and small, pushed out from beneath the covers and turned in the warm air of the bedroom. Slowly and roughly, the other pushed the pillow away from her head and she rolled over onto her back. The warm, red mouth opened into a languorous yawn and her breath pushed a strand of hair from her face, dropped it onto the pillow. One eye blinked open for a moment, closed again. Her arms straightened out above and the body arched beneath the covers as she stretched and the soft mouth opened into another long yawn, her tongue dancing between her teeth. The yawn ended, the mouth closed, and she collapsed, lay still for a moment. She sat up quickly and her hands gathered the hair from her neck, lifted it, and dropped it like golden straw over her face. A flick of her head sent it dancing back into place and then her feet swung onto the floor and she stood erect.

"Oh, balls," she said. She crossed to the window and pulled the curtain apart, stepped back as the sun came slamming into the room.

Blinking her eyes against the glare, looked out. Below her the grass was brilliantly green and the flowers in the corner of the lawn were vivid reds and yellows against it. Small, puffy clouds hung in the sky and across on the hill, cows were grazing in the shade of the maples.

"What a lousy morning," Linda growled. Still standing in the window, she did ten quick knee bends, rolled

onto her back and did fifteen situps. She shook the hair out of her eyes and lifted her legs ten times. "Secret of a youthful body," she said aloud. She was nineteen.

Done, she pulled her nightie off, dropped it onto the floor. On her way to the bathroom she looked longingly at a photograph on the bureau. "Hiya, Hunk," she said. She touched two fingers to her lips, held them against the mouth of the picture. "I love you," she said. "Please, please come back."

She turned the shower on and while it warmed, began to brush her teeth viciously, fifty up and down strokes on the front, back and sides of her mouth. She gargled loudly for a second and then blasted the water into the sink.

After checking the water's temperature, she stepped into the shower, let the full force of the water smash into her face, turned to let it land on her head and run down over her back. Slowly she began to soap every inch of herself, moaned delightedly in the luxurious feel of the water on her slim body. She took special attention with her face, scrubbed it for almost five minutes.

"Tonight, tonight, it all began tonight," she was singing and stopped. "You're a goddam genius, Linda. You should go on tour. You're that great." She stopped soaping herself, rinsed, stepped out of the shower.

Dripping water, she began to dry herself with a massive towel, walked back into the bedroom. Her nightie was lying on the floor and she flicked it onto the bed with a practiced kick. The towel was rubbing her arms and then her legs as she stepped into the window and the sun, felt the warmth of it. Slowly, carefully, she began to wipe the

last droplets of water from herself, let the sun finish what the towel could not do.

She went to her toes, quickly, smoothly, fired the damp towel into a corner, walked to the bureau, yanked a drawer open. "AW, you son of a bitch," she spat. "Where in the . ." She found a pair of panties, stepped into them, fell back across the bed.

Her hand picked up the telephone and she rolled onto her stomach to dial the number she wanted. She lit a cigarette, blew smoke into the mouthpiece. "C'mon, c'mon, answer the goddam phone."

"Hello?" came from the receiver.

"Jeanette? Linda."

"Oh, hi, Lin. How are you?"

"I feel like hell, why? I've got a hangover and a dent in my car. Did Bob finally come to the party?"

"He came just after you left."

"God. . .that figures. I quit, Jeanette. I'm done. I'm swearing off men for good. I'll go into a goddam convent or something."

"Linda!" Jeanette was shocked. "Your language."

"Oh, Jeanette. Don't be such a goddam prude, will you?"

"But. . ."

"Who did Bob leave with? Do you know?"

"Sandy Brandt. I think he's going to pin her."

"He's going to pin her." It was a statement, not a question.

"I think so."

"That figures too. That bitch."

"Danny was waiting for you to come back," Jeanette said. "He waited until almost three for you."

"Faithful Danny. My very own lap dog."

"He's nice, Linda."

"He acts like he's four years old, for God's sake. He's just the guy for you, Jeanette. Talk about wanting to keep your chastity. He wouldn't touch you if he caught you in the shower."

"Please, Linda!" Jeanette was shocked again.

"I just wanted to find out what Bob did."

"He just left with Sandy."

"And you think he's going to pin her."

"That's right."

"To hell with it then. So long, Jeanette."

"Bye, Lin." Linda dropped the phone, stood up and flicked cigarette ashes onto the floor.

"Goddam it," she spat. She let her eyes move toward the photograph on the bureau. "Love always, Bob." Yeah, sure, I can just imagine him now, telling the boys, "Good ol' Linda. Lot of action." And now he was gone, she thought, remembering the hard mouth on hers, the body against her. Sandy Brandt. "Pig!"

"What a lousy morning," she said. She snapped her cigarette into the bowl as she walked into the bathroom. "He's gone and I'm pregnant."

She filled the sink with hot water, reached up to take a man's razor blade from the cabinet, touched the tip of it to her wrist. "This is going to hurt like hell," she said.

William Earls

A blue day as I am
And the sky is limited to clouds.
Yet here is the night that is you
At all beginnings of an endless storm.

You slide into yourself
Protecting what is real
And what is truth about you;
An endless storm
Beginning at the end
And ending at the start.

Forever and ever onward
Into your blackest night
I may go
For black is your beauty
As you say.
Life's ending in a night;
A night turns into day
As again the day begins to melt away
Into the ebony of night.

But what about the moon and stars?
I know about the sun.
But what about the moon and stars?

Are they not the dreams of night
Reflecting those of day
As they play within their little framework,
Smiling, almost laughing at the beauty of the night.
They seem to shine so softly
But to you they must seem bright,
For you hide them with your big black curtains
And create a newer night.

But within your livid limpidity
A newer pallid type of time
Is of your wanly essence;
The waters of the seas reflect
The pitchy core
As well they do the sun.
Whence
We cast upon the shore of time
And the sea breaks as the day.

Dennis Lucey '73

Churches

Look at the black of the nun and the priest,
They cannot say that they go to a feast;
Christ is the course which the menu provides,
Then a new priest will speak to them besides.

Look at the beads that the nuns proudly wear,
Beads that were given to replace their hair;
Happy They are in their one little cell,
Free from the care that they might go to Hell.

Father O'Brien has such a sad life,
Gets a new car but he can't get a wife;
But he is sure that in Heaven he'll get,
Quite a tall beauty with quite a large set.

Churches with windows of red and of blue,
Make all the rich people happy it's true;
Sing though they may from sunrise to sunset,
I never knew poor people fed by song, yet.

Look at your servant who writes here below,
All that I ask is that I could just know;
Why would a God who made flower and birch,
Make such a foolish thing as a Church?

Peter Racicot

Halfback

She watches, October in the air
With burning leaves, tossing hair
Above a sweated, scarlet S
Alive with joy and untouched breasts
And liquid laugh and smile between,
Watching writhing crowds and grass grid green,
Banners snapping in rainbow rout,
Above the moan, the cheer, the shout.

And, yellow handkerchief beneath,
Padded shoulders, tightened teeth,
He sets, "Let's go, baby, do or die."
The leather blurs against the sky,
And Henry Jamieson, sixteen,
Moves for goal, for glory, and for queen.

William Earls

For People

Incense burned, and I burned.
The candle shone its light
and so did I shine mine.
My brothers and sisters
did not even look.
My mind turned inside out
and I turned inside in.
The shadow reached for me
and I touched it
and kissed it.
I sweat, and cried,
and without ever living,
I died.

Pat Kazarnowicz

FRIEND

An unknown entity
A sparkling person, intriguing
A phlogiston undiscovered
Different, imaginative, exciting
A paradigm of poeisis
A thought half conceived
Or ill conceived, illegitimate
For what is the whole
And in the mind unobscured?
A pleasure, a beauty
Yet more
A synthesis of the real
From the synthetic
A cherished hope
And faith in the unscrutable
A friend.

Richard Rogers



LEAVING

Leaving is like a warm afternoon
When the sun is just starting to set;
One of you has to go home for supper
And it seems like you've just met.

Leaving is the last run down the hill
When the snow is just right;
And you hurry down for one more ride
But they've closed the lift for the night.

Leaving is your oldest brother
Who's going away to war;
He said it isn't good to fight
So what's he going for?

Leaving is a room full of people
And you really want to stay;
But you've got college for one more week
And exams start the next day.

Leaving is two hands and two hearts
That are holding each other tight;
But you live one place and she another
And you have to say goodnight.

Peter Racicot

Debby

A strange girl
A shadow crosses the horizon
With a glowing softly radiant background
Not unlike a halo
Yet larger, more encompassing
And irreligious
A dissolusioned adventist not waiting for Godot
Holding her own ideals in an existential world
And dreams that lack
The stark reality of nothingness
The prodigal daughter of a travailing society
Whose womb nutures the dying body
And forgets the soul
Confused and tender
While the adolescent sun
Sets in the western sky
A strange girl crosses the horizon

Richard Rogers

Emptiness

Emptiness
Is holding
Someone's hand
Unholding.

Alfred LaFleche

13th

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13th Meaning

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Richard Rogers

Assistant Editor

Peter Racicot

Art

Mary Murphy



bus ride

as the late afternoon sun
creeps stealthily across
the constant murmur of bus conversation
my mind packs up its thoughts
and carries them home to you.

here in my aloneness
in a seat shared only with myself
I can trace the features of your gentleness
with warm and knowing fingers
in private unseen motions.

the ride home on Friday afternoons
seems longer than the endless hauls
on sleepy Monday mornings.
I still maintain
that roads grow up and older
a little more with each day.
how else can frost heaves be explained?

all the bumps and jolts
can't free my mind of you.
we've come so far apart now
that sitting in different seats
has become a necessity---
an act of kindness.

the little love that's left
flickers briefly through your smile
whenever you make the effort
to look in my direction.
but even smiles can speak
in very distant tones.

charlotte gareau

Jane. Jane

Jane, Jane,
the hurricane
of dawn burns on your windowpane.

From your dreams of chivalry
awaken to reality,

from your dreams of kings & flowers
rise and greet the brutal hours.

All the kingdoms of the night
crumble in dawn's vicious light

and all your made-up lovers fade
when dawn bleeds on your window shades.

Jane, Jane, beneath your feet
humanity suffers in the streets,

the world is banging at your door,
the violent light assaults the floor

and Jane, Jane,
the bitter pain
of life is on you once again.

Paul Callahan

(I have taken the form and
the character of this poem from
the poem "Aubade"
by Edith Sitwell.)

World On Fire

Little minds with tiny thoughts,
Boats on seas of fire,
Going down in screaming yells
From worlds where arms perspire.

Thrown on seas of tossing red,
Licked on face and eye,
Watching as their world goes dead
And they must watch it fry.

They long for glimpses of old wrecks
And they grasp what few they see,
But these are burning with the rest,
One arsonist is me.

Burn in this hell you flabby blobs!
Pray that you can perspire!
For we have left you far behind
To wriggle in the fire.

Peter Racicot

Four Years After

Funny, looking back from here
i find it hard to realize
our love had ever been.

I cried...so long
but even the coldest winter
ends in spring.
i don't remember
how long ago i gave up
asking why.
you're gone now...
i don't know who
you spend sundays with
or if drugs have filled the void.
sometimes i wish you'd kept
your promise
and kept in touch.
but i don't cry anymore
i hope you don't either.

First love is beautiful
but it only lays the foundation
for other loves to come.

Donna Nachajko

For Linda

*When blue eyes
Laughing found
Me, I found
Sadness dies.*

Alfred La Fleche

the night speaks softly
of its disenchantment with the day.
softly - so no intruder upon its stillness
may hear its rumblings of sorrow
and take offense
for something he didn't do.

streams of fog
flow down the avenues towards home,
pausing here and there
to lightly veil and soothe
the harsh outcries of lonely streetlights.

wrapped in its majestic robe of silence
this town offers little
to the wanderer by night.
he in turn can give the same
without feelings of guilt or blame
for broken windows.

alone in darkness
where even shadows
are afraid of other shadows,
I meet myself in song
praising joyfully the beauty
of your being.

these walks have become
a midnight obsession with me now.
the thought of meeting you again
journeys with me in my heart
and haunts the echo of my footsteps.

under a streetlight once —
our encounter brief
with neither glint of recognition
nor delight at having discovered
the presence of each other
with only the fog as audience,
could be traced in the hollows
of your eyes.
perhaps the dimness of the night
prevented me from seeing
all of what you felt.

maybe someday
in better lighting
you'll pause a while
and wonder who I am
and if I'm worth the time
it takes to stop -
and say hello.

charlotte gareau

W
A
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T
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N
G

*I waited for your coming, Babe;
Roosters perched lightly,
Their necks bursting slightly,
Awaiting the dawn
That their notes could jump on.*

*I looked in brilliant places;
Halls of unfulfilled dreams
With blood pushing the seams,
Running to the dusty street,
Trampled on by shoe-less feet.*

*I trailed to the trees;
Where bark cluttered ways
And the birds were on trays
Being pushed, being carried
By eyes that weren't married.*

*I turned into the crowd;
Fingers and eyes of giant size,
Praising all the working lies
Of jesters and requesters who
Do just what they couldn't do.*

*Last, I turned my eyes inside;
Rippling blood through bodies fast,
Joined in harmony til the last
Moment of the breaking through
And the babe was not me but you.*

*Peter
Racicot*



S. M. Chauvin

Autumn II

(from The Pacifist)

the moon is rising
through the death smoke
of burning vegetation.

(we were children together.
brothers by the winding brook
where we sailed empty pods
when the air was filled with fall's incense.)

ALL LIFE FALLS, GASPING, INTO THE WORM-EATEN WOMB !

the pilotless winds invisibly
blow the stars about
like the embered fragments of leaves
in a fire blackened meadow.

(he loved the season's violent beauty.
looking beyond the fatal frost he beheld april—
shapes
and so...understood the trees in their tearless, —
twilight solitude.)

ONE BY ONE THE STARS FLICKER OUT AND LEAVE BLACK
HOLES IN THE SKY !

cold rains & great mists
mantle the old earth.
the sparkling worm coils silently
around the granite skull.

(all moved away from the newly packed earth
leaving me mute with my memories.

“the face in the cloth of victory!

the face in the rag of defeat!”*

the winding brook carried his pod
to shores obscured by clouds
of milkweed and smoke.)

THE WIND STIRRED THE WITHERED TONGUES OF THE TREES: THE HOARSE DEATH—WHISPERS OF THE UNIVERSE !

the rose blossom trapped by a late frost
turns brown on the vine.
the wolf steals silently among the flock
upon the snow.
the child fell in the field of his dreams
and blew away like dust.

(i returned from the place of darkness.
the skies in empty chaos twisted above me,
the earth made hollow sounds beneath my feet.
frost would claim the world in the morning.)

SUDDEN STARS DROP FROM THE HEAVENS IN A LEPROUS CASCADE OF DEATH !

Paul Callahan

**Veronica's Cloth, depending on
your beliefs you can take the
imprint of Christ's face two ways
1. A Savior fulfilling scripture
2. A defeated human-being.*

The Orphic Dream

The black glistening arm of the sea
Ripples silently
Sable clouds are slowly etched across
the starless night
A distant shore opalesces with
Encrusted diamonds
As a drowsy world begins once more
To slumber.
The fitful wind blows hesitantly
Over a restless sea
In the magnificently peaceful darkness
Two hands touch.

Richard Rogers

You find a thought
It all comes out
In purple, gold, and red
And leans its face into the sun
With all that can be said
Erase the dried up, wrinkled brow
On mother nature's face
Caress the warm and crisp new sea
Bubbling in the brain
To flow out like the sea that ebbs away through rocky cliffs
And find a home where seagulls sail on sparkling silver ships
To touch each living creature with the words and thoughts of now
And nevermore to find despair when ancient buildings tumble down.

Kate Plaud

A Statistic

Crack
he falls.
the mud turns red.
life pinkens the green water
of a stagnant swamp.

No
she trembles.
her face turns white.
a paper falls from her fingers.
hot tears wet a cold table top.

Mama
why are you crying?
what's the matter?

Killed in action...
tucked away
somewhere between supermarket ads.
glanced at.
forgotten.

Why?

Donna Nachajko





II

How ingenious is the thought that sets off sparks of revelation
And binds the seen to the unseen in any unknown situation.
Arising with the new-born sun and seeping into endless days
A long and winding road to follow, each one making different ways.
Kate Plaud

For Mercy On His Soul

*The knight,
The beautiful knight,
Lay shattered and bloody
In the field,
The death filled field,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.*

*The princess,
The beautiful princess,
Lay crying and mourning
In her room,
Her cold empty room,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.*

*The king and queen,
The beautiful king and queen,
Stood broken and alone
In their castle,
Their dying kingdom's castle,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.*

Alfred La Fleche

For A.C.

He came every time I called
Tilted back the chair and sat
He just kept looking through
the tissue-paper windows of my mind
And all I could say was
Stay out of my head.

He talked about ladies
with watermelon stomachs
And men--pipecleaner thin
Talk, but stay out of my head.

And every day I weakened
And my mind, it died
I started all over and
made the windows out of glass
I let him have a clearer view
but still I said
I don't want you in my head.

I know he was thinking
that someday I would make
those windows out of air.

Pat Kazarnowicz



"An old man in early spring"

"That is no country for old men"*

His face is like the face of a deep pond wrinkled by the wind.
His thin body droops within the waves of his oceanic overcoat.

An old man in the March winds:
a slow, liquid motion on Main Street.

**"And yesterday it was May and I ran with
my brother
through the backyard lilacs."**

How slow. Yellow with age. Yesterday's newspapers.
His paper thin shoe makes a rasping sound:
withered leaves in gutters.

An old man beneath the pregnant clouds of March:
a dying branch beneath branches throbbing with life.

**"Last night, after the rain, we opened our
moonwet windows
and let the but-thick air into our bed-
room."**

Eyes that seem to say; "Look! there is someone trapped
within this decaying flesh!"
Profound absurdity! Dust awaiting the cycle's consummation
in the vegetable rain.

***"Sailing to Byzantium"**
By W. B. Yeats

Paul Callahan

Women

Virgin mary
no dirty menstrual
Blood-
no horror-
 ghastly-
 mysteries
 sacred sakti
 first pack-
 animal
 blessed
 sacrament
of law-ordered
 bondage
babies - alien-
 named-
for-
 possession
 purposes
hag, whore,
 slut,
old maid
 clairol-color
 sex trap
california cosmetics
it takes a nice ass
liberation in
 super-exploitation
the most dismal
 of
 revolutions!
mad-ave-fad-
 bag
passivity-
 a product-
to be purchased-
 be sweet-
 crassly-
 be nice
 bitches-
get
 nowhere-
satisfy-

it's biological
what's the
matter, honey?
can't you dig
on sex?
asks the ego-
eaten-away
hulk of fat
everyone knows
she works
for shit
because her
place is in
the home
to begin with-
part-time-
supplementary-
not steady-
not- dependable
Chris lives on her
own
doesn't even get
above poverty
40 hours plus in
shop drudgery
tell her anything-
lie-
mess up her time-
you know-
she's just sitting
there
eager for you to call-
she's got nothing
better to do
And after
all-
she's used to it
she takes what she
can get
though it gets
her nowhere

Diane O'Flynn

walking in this field
where nothing is required of me
except the counting of a daisy's petals
with slow, steady accuracy,
conversing with the gracefulness
of the tall September grass
becomes a journey away from myself
into the heart of nature,
where the skies reflect your eyes
and even the breeze around me
whispers the words
you used to love me with.

deep within I know
that when I go back to town
to the barren streets
and broken sidewalks,
home to my little room
where all the thoughts
of a world in madness
run wild across my pillow,
frustration will invade
to hold my soul again
and my mind will lose
its single breath of freedom.

charlotte gareau



Spring II

(from The Pacifist)

up!
the vegetation gropes upward
to the sun.

(we were thrushspirits.
spirits as pure as rain,
as reckless in our innocent motions as rivers.)

THE ENTIRE APRIL UNIVERSE WORKS ITS WAY BACK TO ITS ORIGINS !

trees greenly finger sunlight.
the moon mingles with nature's blood,
men dream of seas and
the wet earth smells wombish.

(i came upon her silently, trembling,
filled with awkward tenderness.)

THE GREAT NEBULOUS STRUCTURE CURLS INWARD AND ITS WET
FUR GLISTENS !

dark, heavy clouds
burst with birth-flood.
sudden flowers sweeten
the death-befouled earth.

(i found her open mouth through the dark:
a living grotto!
somewhere an angel was singing.
beautiful children were leading
flocks of beautiful sheep
over flowering hillsides.
far away a voice was calling
and the voice was the voice of a god.)

IT MUST ALL BEGIN AGAIN !

the Earth Mother lies before the sun.
her nipples gleam with rainsuck & moonkiss.
her womb stretches wide with living things.

(she rose from my pounding boy's heart,
bound up her hair,
smoothed out her dress
and departed.
the wind played with her smells:
flowers, fingers & starlight.
i closed my eyes and felt
the return of
her mouth in the physical darkness.)

SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON THE SILENT ERUPTION OF THE BUD
AT DAWN !

Paul Callahan

To Patricia

II

As a sailor yearning for the unvanquished sea
from searching searching from an ageless search
discovers the treasure of green deep swells
So I a matchless innamorata shimmering with the
warm breath of an exotic sea and with the ocean
breeze softly caressing her tender face
gently doused with sunlight
she is love's ecstasy Patricia
overwhelming intoxicating enchanting
Where the sea embraces the white beach
You and I stand two together

Richard Rogers

The Cave

*I fear to disrupt the moveless tomb,
To wave the stillness in the room
And rattle-back the weary walls
With even melodious poet's calls.*

*The dark around has weighted me
And cast me deep in perplexity
To grasp inside this darkened cave
Which once was a great dead man's grave.*

*Silent footfalls I can hear
Of muted angels trodding near
Who kiss my ear with pretty things
Then fly and laugh behind their wings.*

*This resting world's aglow
With the things that angels know,
Light of the world in a vain
Which has never come, and again.*

*Light into a blackness brought
By words which ancient elders wrought
To leave a candle underground
For children and poets to dance around.*

Peter Racicot



The darkness was upon us;
The day had drifted far —
Nourished by food and quenched by drink,
Still into the darkness we hopelessly sink.
Traveled, tragic, trail of woe
We've reaped the fields,
And now we sow.
Crushed by causes to the black, damp cellar
Into the soul to seek relief.
Suddenly feel the warmth of the night
Drifting to the stars and rising to the light:
A night in summer
Trees dancing to the music of the fading sun.
Come with me over the hill.

Kate Plaud

imprisoned
in your chamber of evil
where love is life
and life is hell,
you lose your mind
in hysterical traumas
as you're hurled
from wall to wall
of bricked terror.

burning
in the fires
of your own passions
you sink deeper
into black chaos
because they say
God is dead
but so are you
because you believe it.

charlotte gareau

the escape

rubics in blood
streaked across the endless ambages of mankind
a fleeting instant of blurred existence
a name unrecorded not remembered
the auto-de-fe of a self-immolating world

An awesomely noetic world
the unsuccessful concatenations of someone's brainchild
a nulliparous race of pixilated minds
etiolated faces and colloped bodies
but who hates the world enough to save it

escape
to refuse to be a proverbial blob of vestigial ink
a nonentity marinated in profound obscurity
in the coffer of mass meaningless mediocrity
under shamen flatulent with miasmatic kulter

love
divine agape of the gods, manna of the soul
the kudos of an unimaginable angogic adventure
the oneiric enhancement of happiness
for love is the only truth that leads to sanity

richard rogers



